

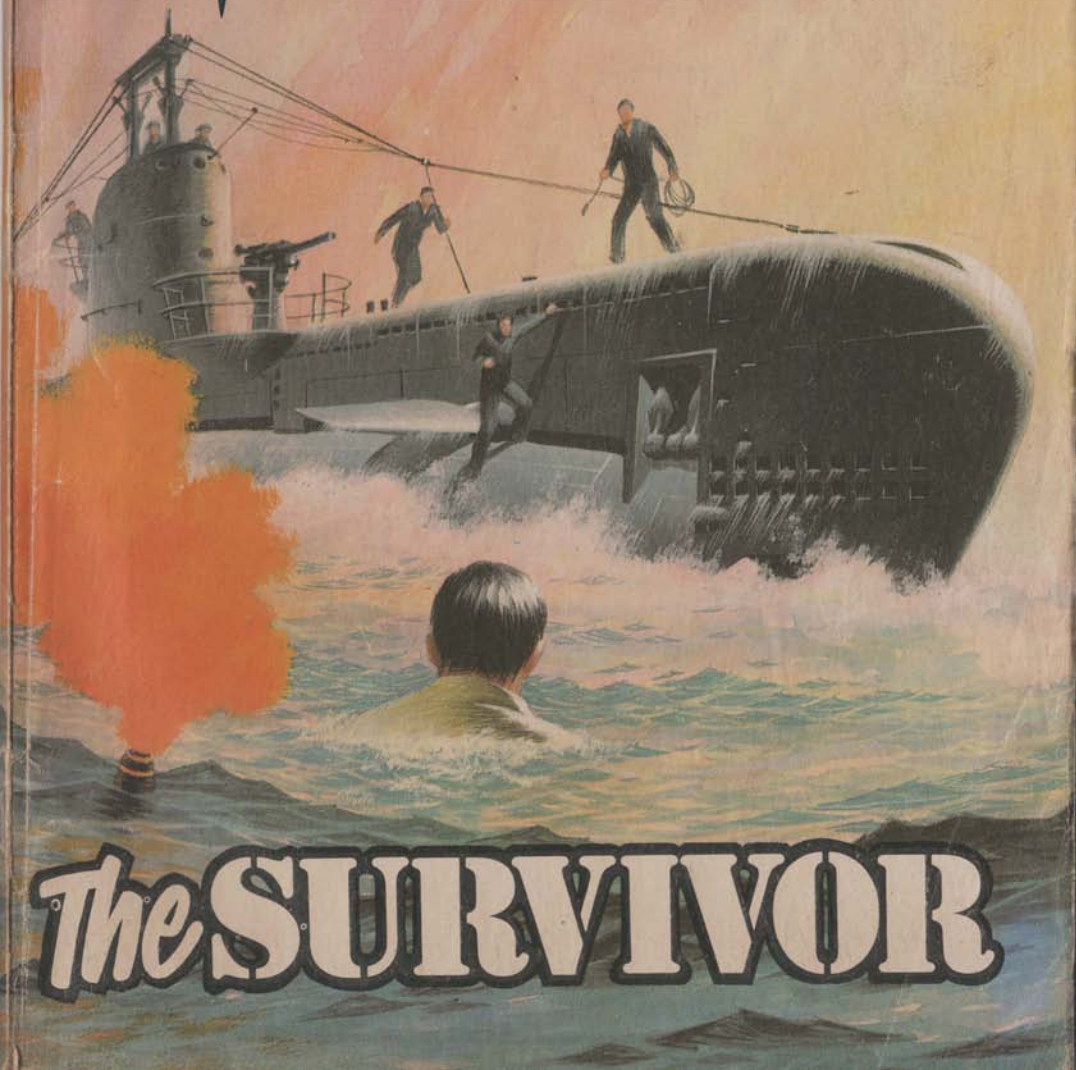
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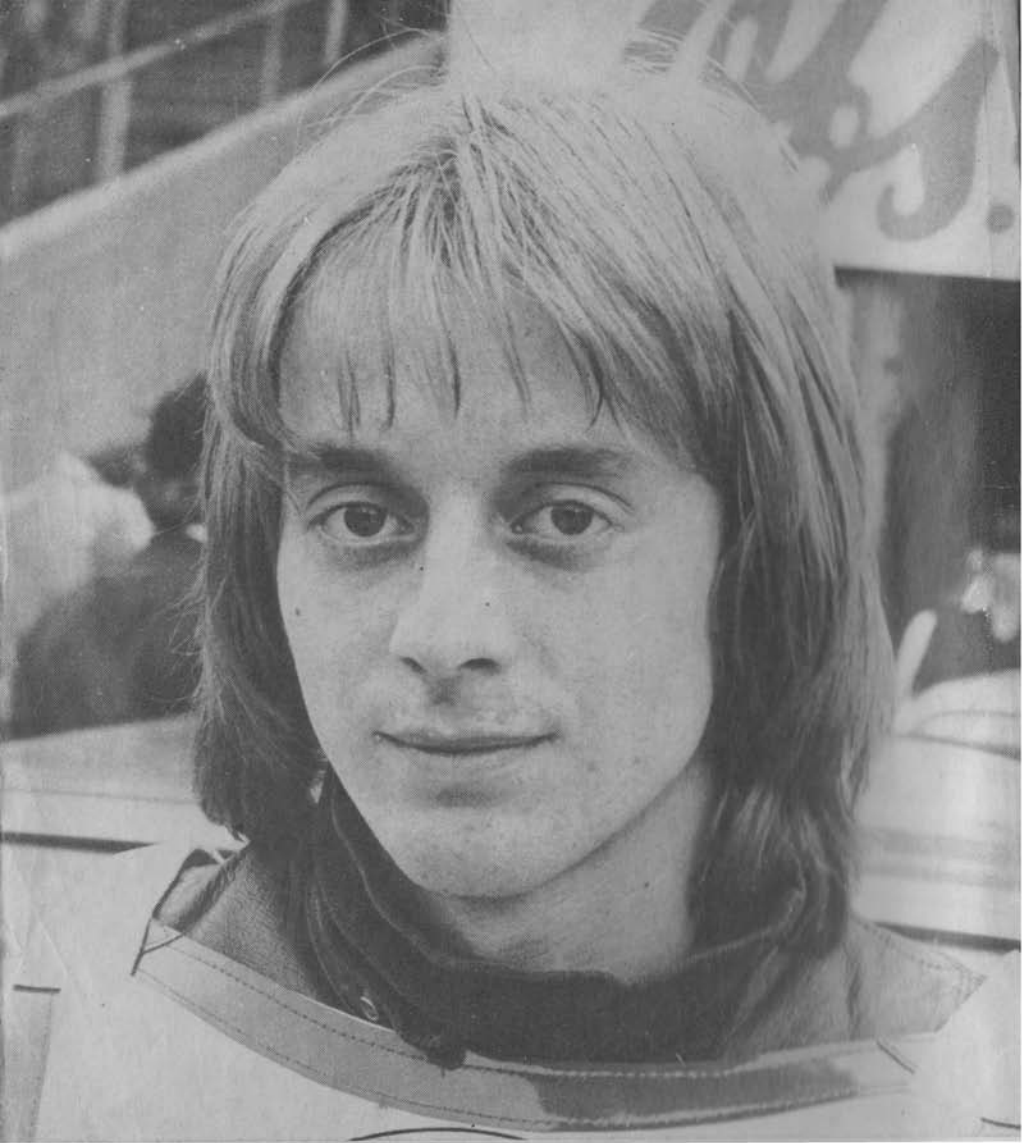
AUS. N.Z. 40c

Commando

WAR STORIES IN PICTURES



The SURVIVOR

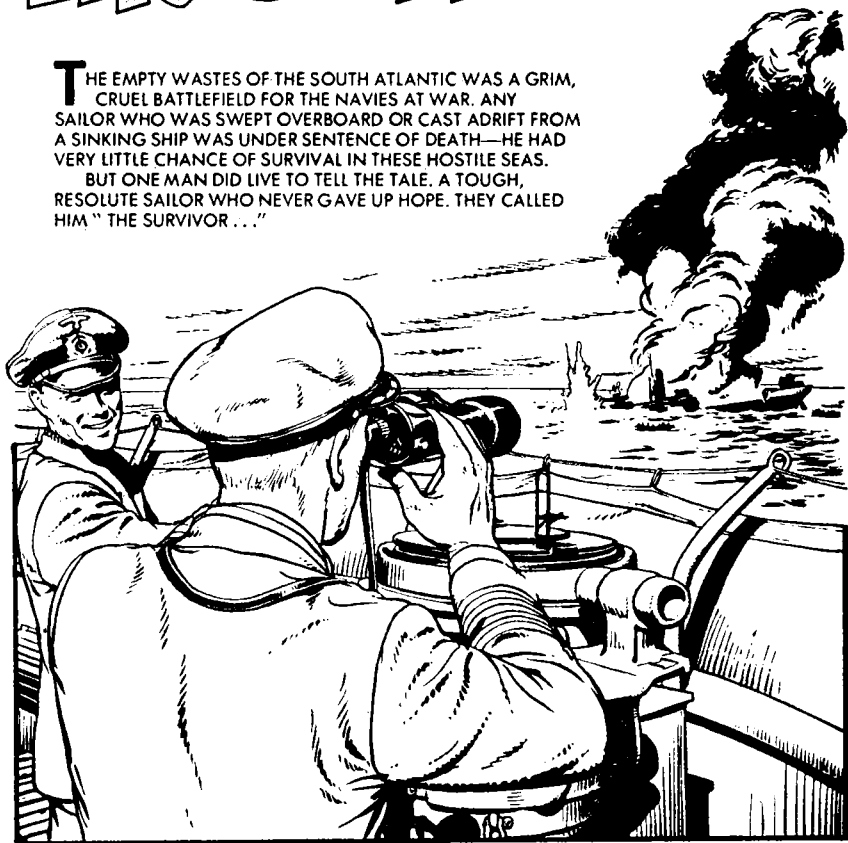


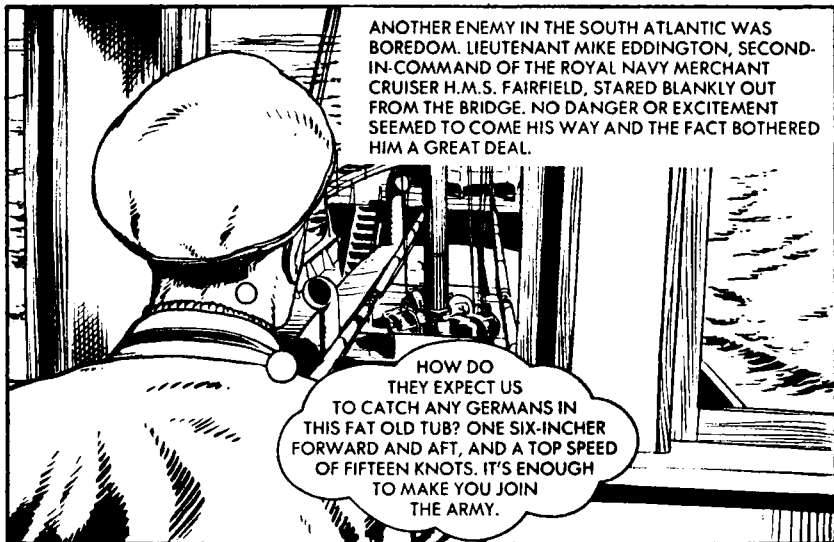
Stars of Speedway—Jan Andersson

The Survivor

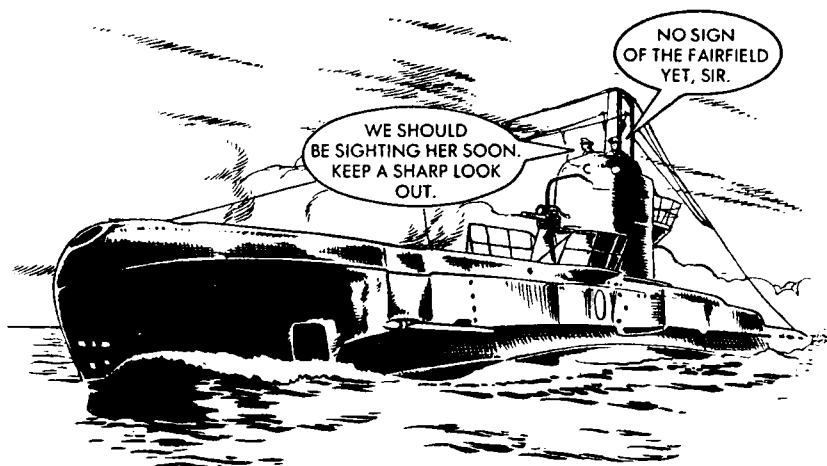
THE EMPTY WASTES OF THE SOUTH ATLANTIC WAS A GRIM, CRUEL BATTLEFIELD FOR THE NAVIES AT WAR. ANY SAILOR WHO WAS SWEEPED OVERBOARD OR CAST ADRIFT FROM A SINKING SHIP WAS UNDER SENTENCE OF DEATH—HE HAD VERY LITTLE CHANCE OF SURVIVAL IN THESE HOSTILE SEAS.

BUT ONE MAN DID LIVE TO TELL THE TALE. A TOUGH, RESOLUTE SAILOR WHO NEVER GAVE UP HOPE. THEY CALLED HIM "THE SURVIVOR..."





AT THAT VERY MOMENT H.M.S. PODEN, DANGEROUSLY LOW ON FUEL AFTER THREE QUICK SUCCESSIVE ACTIONS AGAINST ENEMY U-BOATS, WAS NEARING THE RENDEZVOUS POSITION.



BUT THE RENDEZVOUS WAS TO BE DELAYED, FOR TWENTY MILES AHEAD OF THE PODEN, IT LOOKED AS IF MIKE'S PRAYERS FOR ACTION WERE SUDDENLY ABOUT TO BE ANSWERED AS SUB-LIEUTENANT JIMMY SCOTT RUSHED ONTO THE BRIDGE WITH URGENT NEWS.



THE WORDS SENT A THRILL OF EXCITEMENT THROUGH MIKE. HE QUICKLY INFORMED THE COMMANDER. THEN, AS HE SCANNED THE HORIZON HE SPOTTED THE UNMISTAKABLE SHAPE OF A MERCHANT SHIP LOOMING UP



ON THE COMMANDER'S ARRIVAL, MIKE GAVE HIM THE DETAILS, AND WITHOUT HESITATION AN ORDER WAS GIVEN.



THE GUNNERS WERE NOT SLOW TO ACT AND WITHIN SECONDS A SHELL EXPLODED JUST IN FRONT OF THE TANKER'S BOWS.



HAVING ORDERED MIKE TO BOARD THE TANKER WITH AN ARMED PARTY, THE COMMANDER ISSUED FINAL INSTRUCTIONS AS HIS SECOND-IN-COMMAND CLIMBED DOWN INTO THE WAITING LAUNCH.



THE SHIP LOOKED QUIET AND INNOCENT ENOUGH AS THEY NEARED IT, BUT MIKE WAS STILL WARY, KNOWING THAT LOOKS COULD DECEIVE.



ONCE ON BOARD, MIKE FOUND THE MATE OF THE TANKER WAITING TO RECEIVE HIM.



REMEMBERING HIS COMMANDER'S WARNING, MIKE BRUSHED THE MAN ASIDE. IF ANYTHING FISHY WAS GOING ON HE WANTED TO STOP IT IN TIME.



MIKE STARTED TO ISSUE INSTRUCTIONS WHEN A RATING SUDDENLY SHOUTED OUT—

TAKE THREE
MEN AND SEARCH THE
DECK. RADIO CABIN FIRST.
I'LL ...

SIR! THERE'S
SOMEONE IN THE
WHEELHOUSE—LOOKS
LIKE THE CAPTAIN!

SHOUTING TO THE RATING TO FOLLOW HIM, MIKE RACED FOR THE BRIDGE.

YOU, COME
WITH ME! HE'S PROBABLY
DITCHING THE
SHIP'S PAPERS.

MIKE WAS RIGHT—HE WAS JUST IN TIME TO STOP THE CAPTAIN THROWING A SMALL PACKAGE OVER THE SIDE.

ALL RIGHT
—NOT SO FAST
THERE!

WHILE THE RATING COVERED THE DISGRUNTLED CAPTAIN, MIKE EXAMINED THE CONTENTS OF THE OILSKIN BAG HE HAD JUST RESCUED.



AS HE EXAMINED THE LOG BOOK HE SOON FOUND THE REASON FOR THE CAPTAIN'S CURIOUS BEHAVIOUR.



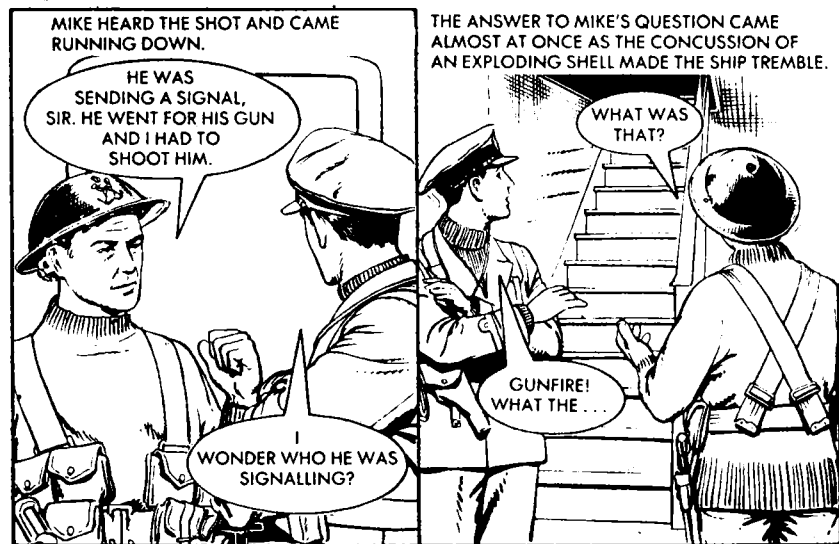
MIKE HAD DISCOVERED THAT THE TANKER WAS GERMAN, SAILING UNDER THE GUISE OF THE SWEDISH ENSIGN AND A DIFFERENT NAME.

AFTER THE CAPTAIN HAD BEEN LED OUT OF THE WHEELHOUSE, MIKE GLEEFULLY ISSUED INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS CHIEF PETTY OFFICER.



HE THEN TURNED HIS ATTENTION TO THE CHARTS, AND SCANNING THEM HE FOUND THE SHIP'S COURSE PLOTTED TO A SMALL LONELY ISLAND.





THEY RUSHED UP ONTO THE BRIDGE. PEERING INTO THE GATHERING DUSK, MIKE SAW TO HIS HORROR THAT THE FAIRFIELD WAS UNDER ATTACK FROM A SURFACE RAIDER—A HEAVILY-ARMED MERCHANT-CRUISER.



MIKE ACTED QUICKLY, STUFFING THE SECRET DOCUMENTS BACK INTO THE BAG AND ISSUING SHARP ORDERS.



HE HURRIEDLY GATHERED UP THE SHIP'S PAPERS, BUT THEN THE TANKER'S MATE, TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE CONFUSION, BURST IN, POINTING A BUSINESS-LIKE LUGER AT MIKE.



BUT MIKE TURNED THE TABLES IN A FLASH, SEIZING A HEAVY PAPER WEIGHT FROM A LOCKER, HE HURLED IT WITH UNERRING ACCURACY.



THE GERMAN SLUMPED TO THE GROUND UNCONSCIOUS.

NO LONGER GUARDED BY THE BOARDING PARTY THE TANKER CREW HAD BY NOW BROKEN OPEN THE ARMOURY AND WERE FIRING AT THE LAUNCH WHICH WAITED FOR MIKE. STUFFING THE BAG INSIDE HIS SHIRT, HE DASHED TO THE END OF THE BRIDGE AND SHOUTED OUT—



MIKE'S BODY PRESENTED THE MINIMUM TARGET TO THE GERMANS AS HE ENTERED THE WATER IN A BEAUTIFULLY-EXECUTED DIVE.



SWIMMING FOR HIS LIFE, MIKE SOMEHOW ESCAPED THE HAIL OF BULLETS FROM THE SHIP'S DECK.



THE RETREATING MOTOR-LAUNCH ALSO CAME UNDER HEAVY FIRE FROM THE GERMAN CREW— BUT THEY WERE ALSO LUCKY.



MIKE THEN PAUSED FOR BREATH, LOOKING ON GRIMLY AS MORE SHELLS FROM THE GERMAN MERCHANT RAIDER HIT HOME ON THE FAIRFIELD.



BUT NEITHER MIKE NOR ANY OTHER MEMBER OF THE CREW WERE EVER TO FIGHT FROM THE DECKS OF THE FAIRFIELD AGAIN. A SHELL FROM THE RAIDER'S GUNS FOUND THE SHIP'S MAGAZINE, AND A MASSIVE EXPLOSION RIPPED HER APART.



IN HORROR, MIKE WATCHED AS THE FAIRFIELD, WELL ABLAZE, STARTED TO KEEL OVER AND SINK SLOWLY.

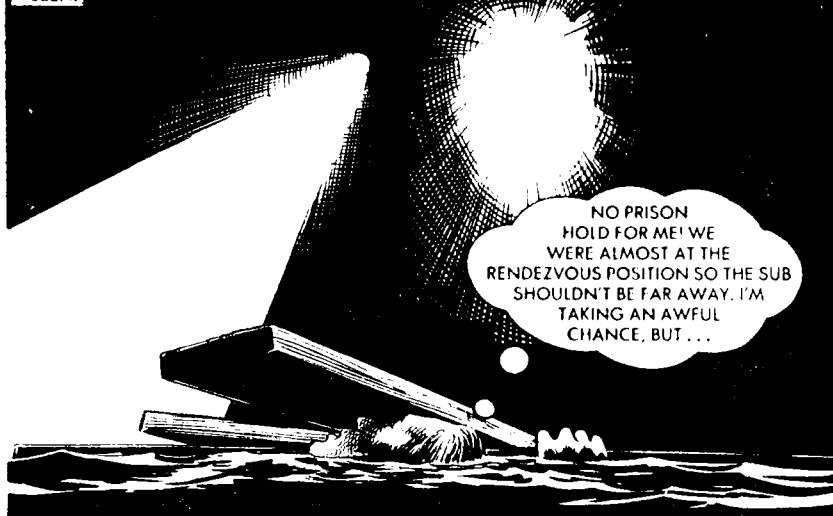
MUST HAVE GOT THE MAGAZINE FAIR AND SQUARE. SHE'S GOING DOWN!

THERE WAS NOTHING MIKE COULD DO, HIS SHIP WAS GOING DOWN AND THE LAUNCH WAS WELL OUT OF SIGHT. THE ICY-COLDNESS OF THE WATER BEGAN TO BITE INTO HIS BODY.

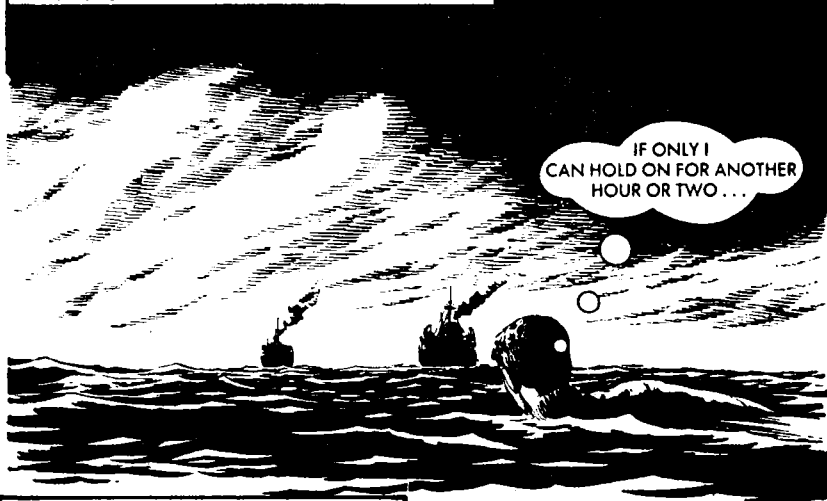
AS THE GERMAN RAIDER CAME IN TO PICK UP THE SURVIVORS IN THE MOTOR-LAUNCH, MIKE SWAM FOR THE COVER OF SOME WRECKAGE TO AVOID THE GLARE OF THE SEARCH-LIGHTS.



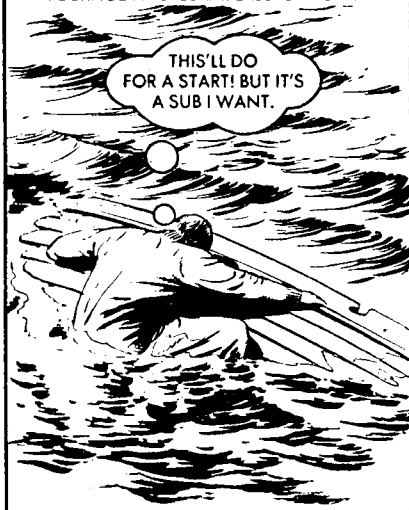
THE RAIDER'S SEARCHLIGHTS SWEEPED OVER HIM, AND PASSED ON BEYOND. HE HAD NOT BEEN SEEN.



AFTER PICKING UP ALL THE SURVIVORS THE RAIDER AND TANKER MOVED OFF, LEAVING MIKE ALONE TO FIGHT FOR SURVIVAL IN THE COLD WATERS.



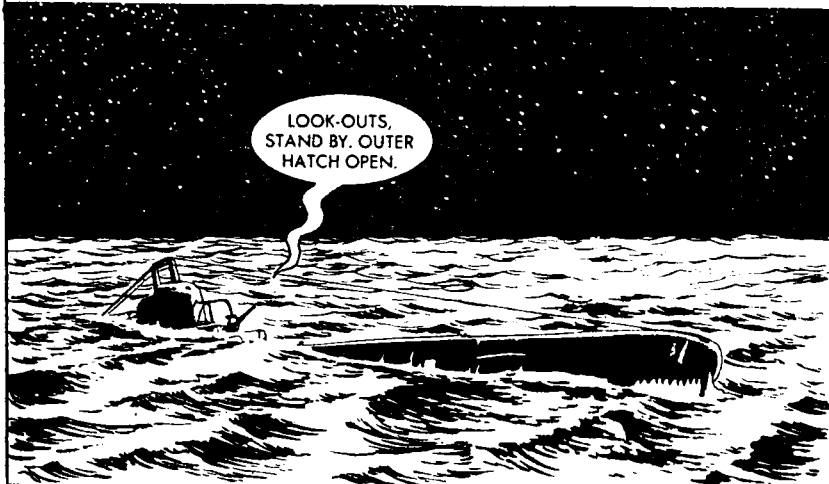
LUCKILY HE FOUND A PIECE OF LIFE-RAFT WRECKAGE AND CLAMBERED ONTO IT.



THEN HE REMEMBERED THE PACKAGE UNDER HIS SWEATER, AND AS HE STARED AT IT HE CURSED THE EVENTS OF THE LAST HOURS.



MEANWHILE, SOME MILES AWAY, H.M.S. PODEN SURFACED FOR HER RENDEZVOUS, THE CREW UNAWARE THAT IT WOULD NEVER TAKE PLACE.



THE SKIPPER, LIEUTENANT JEFF SHIRREFF, STOOD WITH HIS SUB-LIEUTENANT, THANKFULLY FILLING HIS LUNGS WITH FRESH AIR. THEN HE SPOTTED THE FIRE ON THE HORIZON.



THE SUB MOVED QUICKLY AND STEADILY TOWARDS THE GLOW WHICH GRADUALLY RESOLVED INTO A BLAZING SHIP, SINKING FAST.



SUDDENLY IT ALL BECAME PLAIN, AND SHIRREFF REALISED WITH HORROR THAT HE HAD MADE HIS RENDEZVOUS.

A circular inset illustration showing a ship at night. The ship is viewed from the side, with its hull and a single propeller visible. The ship is moving through the water, which is reflected by the moonlight. The sky is dark with stars. A speech bubble from the ship contains the text: "GOOD GRIEF---IT'S THE FAIRFIELD!"

GOOD
GRIEF---IT'S
THE FAIRFIELD!

QUICKLY HE ORDERED A SEARCH FOR SURVIVORS.

KEEP YOUR EYES PEELED.

CERTAINLY
NO ONE ALIVE ON
THE SHIP, SKIPPER. THEY
COULDN'T SURVIVE IN
THAT INFERNO.

MIKE'S RELIEF ON SIGHTING THE SUB QUICKLY TURNED TO DESPAIR AS HE REALISED THAT HE WAS NO LONGER ILLUMINATED BY THE NOW QUICKLY-SINKING SHIP, AND THAT THE PODEN WAS RAPIDLY PASSING HIM BY.

AHOY!
HELP!

CAN'T
MAKE MYSELF HEARD
ABOVE THE NOISE OF
THE FIRE.

SHIRREFF MEANWHILE WAS BECOMING CONCERNED ABOUT THE SAFETY OF HIS OWN VESSEL.

CAN'T STAY
HERE FOR LONG, THIS
COULD HAVE BEEN THE WORK
OF AN ENEMY U-BOAT PACK.
THEY MIGHT STILL
BE AROUND.

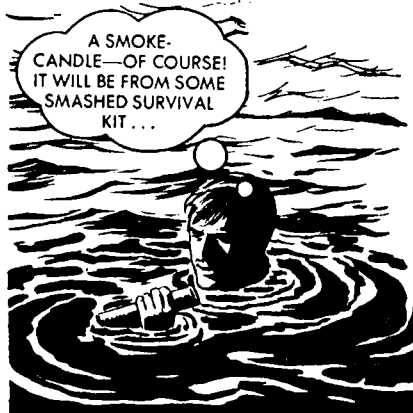
THE SUB MADE ONE LAST HURRIED SEARCH AS THE FAIRFIELD DISAPPEARED IN ONE FINAL, MASSIVE EXPLOSION.

GO ROUND
ONCE, MORE, NUMBER ONE,
THEN PREPARE TO
DIVE.

MIKE MEANWHILE, WAS ON THE POINT OF TRYING TO SWIM INTO THE CIRCLE OF LIGHT WHEN HE NOTICED SOMETHING BOBBING ABOUT IN THE WATER.

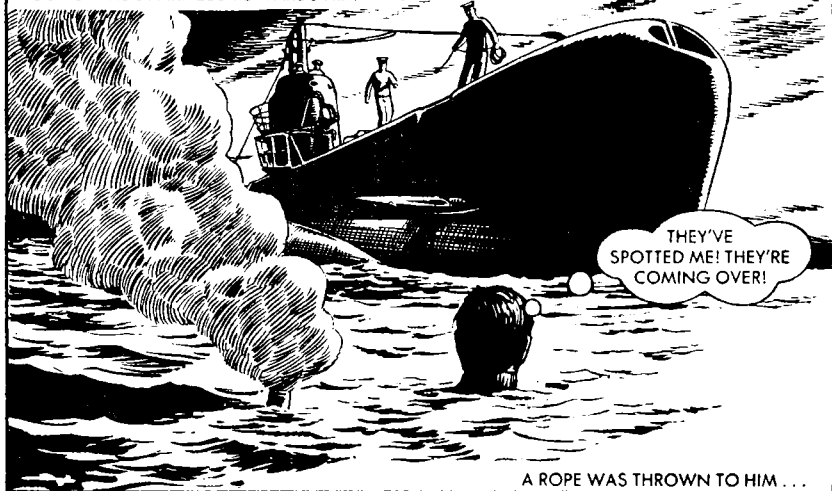


HE SWAM TOWARDS IT AND AS HE GRABBED THE CONTAINER, HE REALISED WHAT IT WAS.



QUICKLY AND EXPERTLY MIKE SET IT OFF, AND WAITED HOPEFULLY.

THE THICK PLUME OF BRIGHT ORANGE SMOKE SOON BROUGHT THE SUBMARINE PLOUGHING OUT OF THE DARKNESS TOWARDS HIM—



A ROPE WAS THROWN TO HIM...

AND SOON WILLING HANDS
WERE PULLING HIM TO SAFETY.

AM I
GLAD TO SEE YOU
CHAPS!

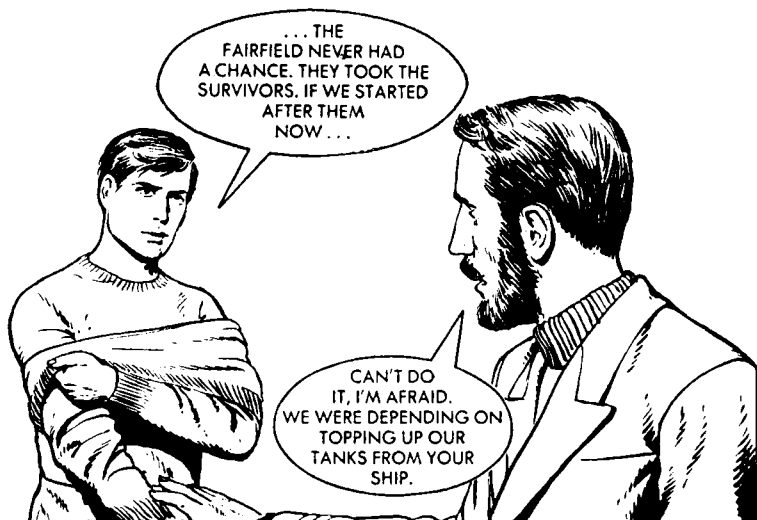
MUST HAVE
BEEN A BIT LONELY OUT
THERE, CHUM!

MIKE WENT BELOW, WHERE HE INTRODUCED HIMSELF TO THE SUB'S SKIPPER.

SORRY TO
MEET YOU UNDER SUCH
TERRIBLE CIRCUMSTANCES,
EDDINGTON.

IT WOULD
HAVE BEEN WORSE IF WE
HADN'T MET.

AS HE CHANGED INTO DRY CLOTHES, MIKE EXPLAINED WHAT HAD HAPPENED TO HIS SHIP.



THEN MIKE PRODUCED THE TANKER'S LOG AND CHARTS. IT WAS THE ACE UP HIS SLEEVE...

BUT IF I COULD GIVE YOU THE COURSE THEY'RE STEERING.

YOU'VE GOT THEIR COURSE?

MIKE SHOWED SHIRREFF THE COURSE PLOTTED TO THE ISLAND OF GRENVIG.

THERE MUST BE A RENDEZVOUS THERE—PROBABLY FOR THE TANKER AND THE RAIDER. BUT THERE'S SOMETHING WHICH PUZZLES ME.

MIKE WENT ON TO EXPLAIN AS THE SUB'S SKIPPER BEGAN TO SHOW INTEREST.

JERRY WOULDN'T SEND A TANKER OF THAT SIZE OUT JUST TO REFUEL A MERCHANT CRUISER.

THAT'S TRUE. IT MUST BE SOMETHING REALLY BIG TO WARRANT THE RISK...

BOTH MEN KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE GERMAN VESSEL IN THE AREA BIG ENOUGH AND IMPORTANT ENOUGH TO MERIT SUCH A RISK.



THE KALLHEIM, LATEST IN THE LINE OF GERMAN HEAVY CRUISERS - NICKNAMED "POCKET BATTLESHIPS" BY THE BRITISH—WAS SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC CAUSING TERRIBLE DAMAGE TO BRITISH SHIPPING.



IF THEIR GUESS WAS CORRECT, THEN THIS WOULD INDEED BE RICH PICKINGS.

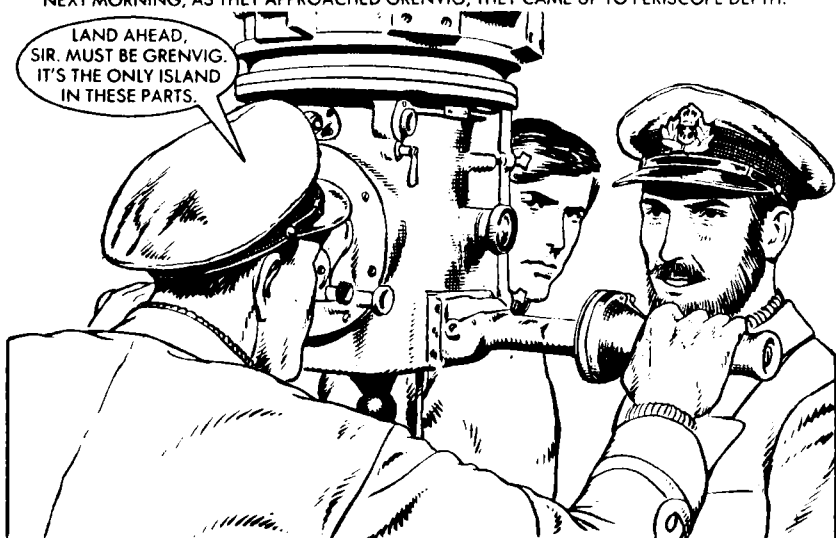
THE YOUNG OFFICERS HAD DIFFICULTY IN SUPPRESSING THEIR EXCITEMENT AS SHIRREFF WAITED FOR HIS SUB-LIEUTENANT TO ISSUE THE NECESSARY ORDERS.



SUBMERGING, THE PODEN RAN SILENT AND DEEP TOWARDS WHAT MIGHT BE THE BIGGEST TARGET OF HER CAREER.

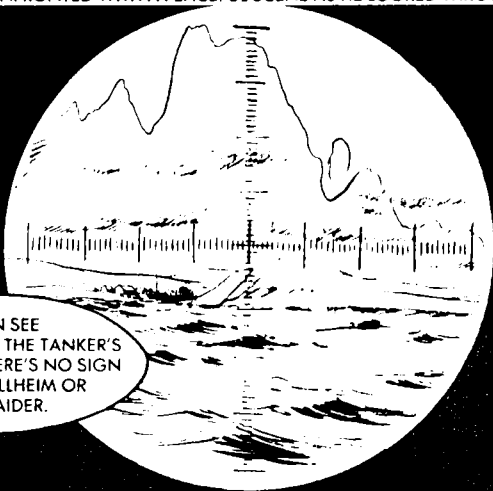
NEXT MORNING, AS THEY APPROACHED GRENVIG, THEY CAME UP TO PERISCOPE DEPTH.

LAND AHEAD,
SIR. MUST BE GRENVIG.
IT'S THE ONLY ISLAND
IN THESE PARTS.

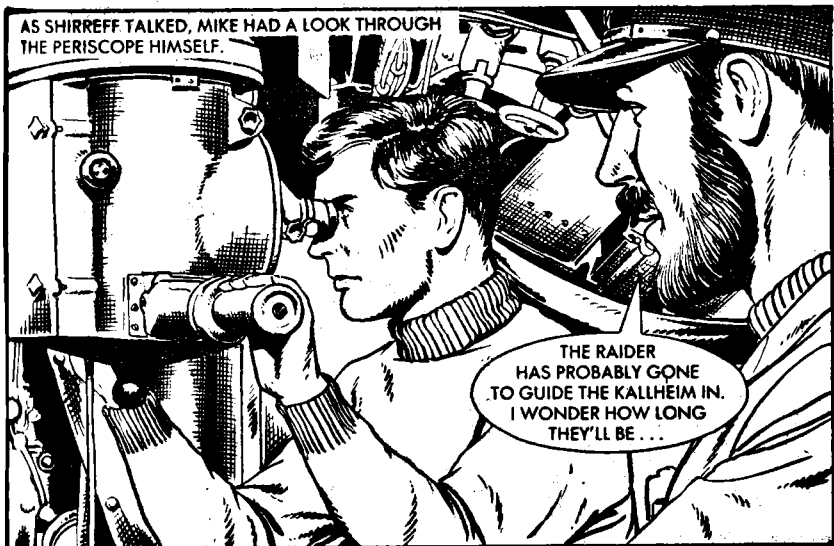


SHIRREFF WAS CONFRONTED WITH A PEACEFUL SCENE AS HE LOOKED THROUGH THE PERISCOPE.

I CAN SEE
THE HARBOUR. THE TANKER'S
THERE. BUT THERE'S NO SIGN
OF THE KALLHEIM OR
THE RAIDER.



AS SHIRREFF TALKED, MIKE HAD A LOOK THROUGH THE PERISCOPE HIMSELF.



THEN SUDDENLY MIKE SAW SOMETHING THAT WARMED HIS HEART.



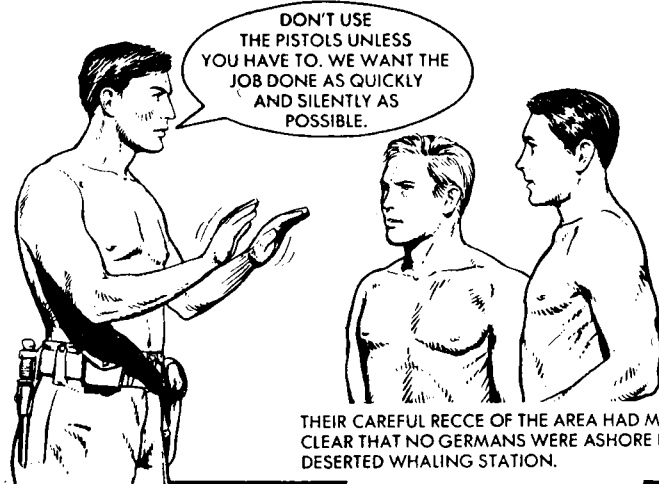
MIKE SHOWED HIS OBVIOUS DELIGHT, BUT SHIRREFF MEANTIME WAS PLANNING FURTHER AHEAD.



MIKE DISAGREED, THOUGH—



SEAMAN HURST AND PETTY OFFICER DOIG, BOTH STRONG SWIMMERS, WERE CHOSEN TO GO ALONG WITH MIKE AS THE RAIDING PARTY. THEY WERE ALL GIVEN KNIVES AND PISTOLS WRAPPED IN WATER-PROOFING, THEN MIKE BRIEFED THEM.



MEANWHILE SHIRREFF, HAVING TAKEN PODEN ROUND THE PROMONTORY OUT OF SIGHT OF THE TANKER'S CREW, NOW BROUGHT THE SUB TO THE SURFACE.

LEFT YOU
QUITE A SWIM, I'M
AFRAID, EDDINGTON. BUT I COULDN'T
RISK GOING ANY
CLOSER.

THAT'S ALL
RIGHT. WE CAN'T
AFFORD STUPID
RISKS.

AFTER A FINAL WORD WITH SHIRREFF, MIKE SLIPPED QUIETLY INTO THE WATER WITH THE TWO CREWMEN.

GIVE US
TWENTY MINUTES AFTER
WE GO ROUND THE PROMONTORY,
THEN COME AS FAST AS
YOU CAN.

OK, GOOD
LUCK.



SWIMMING STRONGLY THROUGH THE COLD WATERS WITH THE OTHERS, MIKE HAD TIME TO CONSIDER THE DANGERS AHEAD.

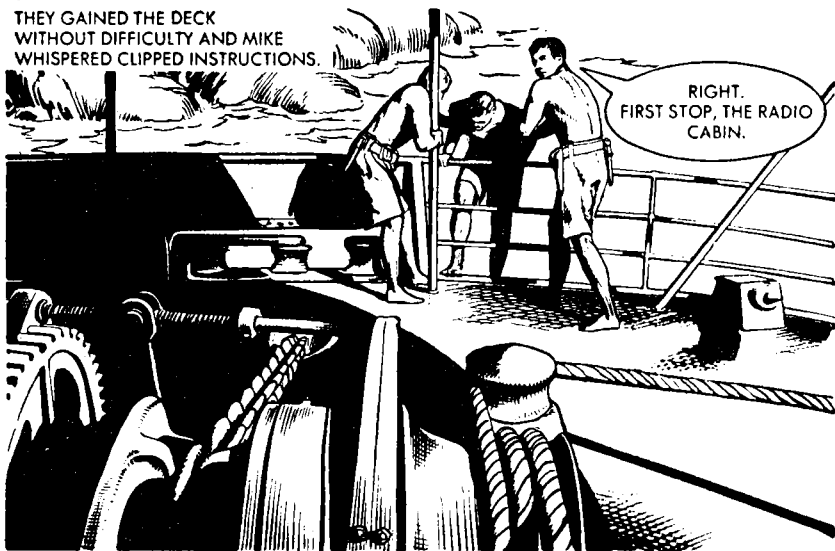


BUT THEIR LUCK HELD AND THEY REACHED THE TANKER'S STERN UNDETECTED.



MIKE SWARMED UP THE ANCHOR CHAIN AND THE OTHER TWO QUICKLY FOLLOWED.

THEY GAINED THE DECK
WITHOUT DIFFICULTY AND MIKE
WHISPERED CLIPPED INSTRUCTIONS.



SLIPPING FORWARD, HARDLY DARING TO BREATHE, THEY
SUDDENLY SPOTTED ONE OF THE SHIP'S OFFICERS ON THE
BRIDGE AND CROUCHED QUIETLY BEHIND THE COVER
OF SOME WOODEN CRATES AND COILS OF ROPE.



THEN TO THEIR HORROR, THE OFFICER TURNED IN THEIR DIRECTION, AS IF HE HAD SPOTTED THEM. MIKE DREW OUT HIS PISTOL, READY TO SHOOT IF THE ALARM WAS GIVEN.



BUT AFTER AN AGONISING MOMENT THE OFFICER CONTINUED HIS ROUNDS AND MIKE STOOD UP, POINTING TO THEIR FIRST OBJECTIVE.



SILENTLY THEY CREEPT UP THE COMPANIONWAY TO THE LEVEL OF THE BRIDGE. THEN AS THEY MOVED ALONG A DESERTED CORRIDOR, A DOOR OPENED AHEAD OF THEM.



THEY FROZE, WAITING ANXIOUSLY...

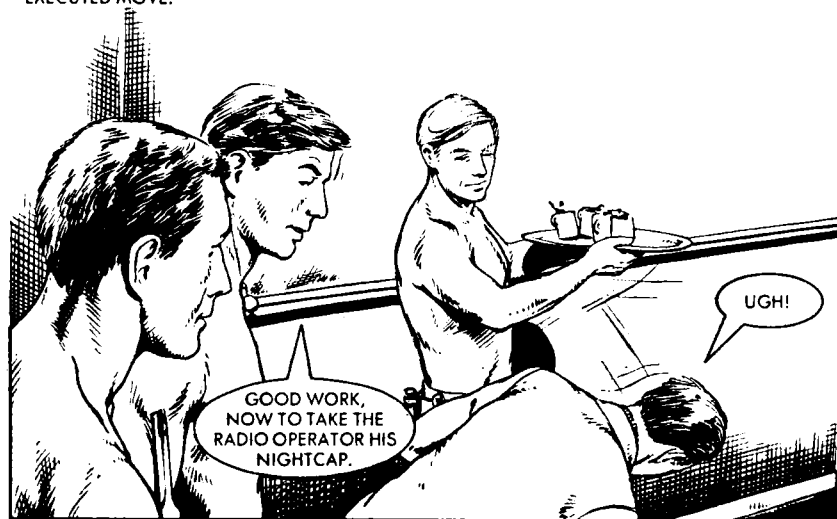
...UNTIL A CREWMAN EMERGED, CARRYING A TRAYFUL OF MUGS OF HOT COFFEE. MIKE MADE TO FOLLOW, GESTURING TO THE OTHERS TO STICK CLOSE BEHIND.



UNHEARD, THEY MOVED ALONG BEHIND THE GERMAN UNTIL SUDDENLY MIKE GRABBED HIM IN AN ARMLOCK WHILE HURST DEFTLY CAUGHT THE TRAY AND DOIG RAISED HIS PISTOL TO KNOCK HIM OUT.



DOIG STRUCK AND THE GERMAN DROPPED LIKE A STONE. IT HAD BEEN A PERFECTLY EXECUTED MOVE.



KEEPING TO THE SHADOWS, THEY MADE FOR THE RADIO CABIN, A HOT MUG OF COFFEE HELD READY IN MIKE'S HAND.



THEY REACHED THE RADIO CABIN AND WHEN MIKE GAVE THE WORD, HURST THREW OPEN THE DOOR.



THE RADIO OPERATOR STOOD UP IN SURPRISE AND MIKE RUSHED IN, HURLING THE SCALDING COFFEE INTO HIS FACE.



HURST FINISHED OFF THE JOB BY FLOORING THE GERMAN WITH A MIGHTY RIGHT HOOK TO THE JAW.

THAT'S THAT.
NOW WE JUST WAIT FOR OUR
REINFORCEMENTS.

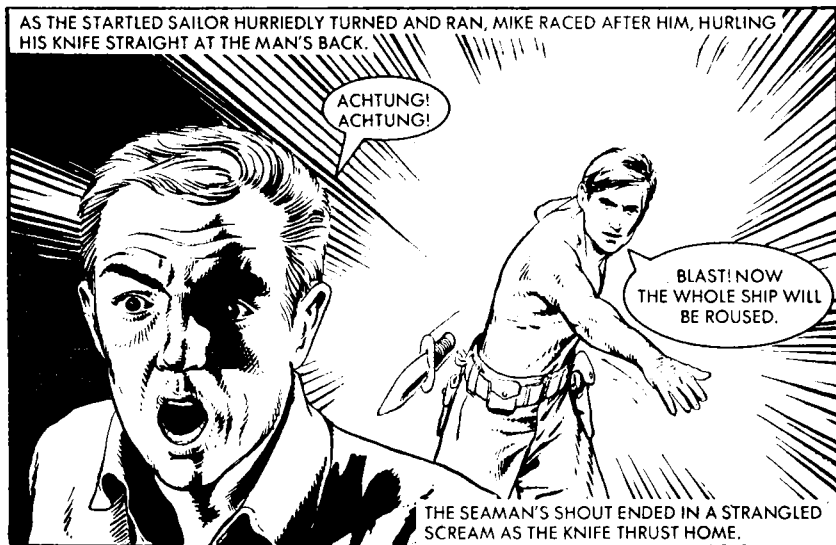
AT THAT MOMENT LIEUTENANT SHIRREFF AND A SMALL TEAM OF MEN WERE MOVING STEADILY AWAY FROM THE NOW SUBMERGED PODEN TOWARDS THE GERMAN TANKER.

THEY'VE HAD
FIFTEEN MINUTES. HOPE
THEY'VE TAKEN THE
RADIO CABIN.

MEANWHILE MIKE AND THE OTHERS
ALMOST HAD THE RADIO OPERATOR BOUND
AND GAGGED WHEN A CREWMAN BURST
IN—



AS THE STARTLED SAILOR HURRIEDLY TURNED AND RAN, MIKE RACED AFTER HIM, HURLING
HIS KNIFE STRAIGHT AT THE MAN'S BACK.



SURE ENOUGH, TROUBLE WASN'T LONG IN COMING . . . THE OFFICER OF THE WATCH CHARGED TOWARDS THE RADIO CABIN ONLY TO RUN STRAIGHT INTO MIKE'S IRON FIST.



AS THE GERMAN HIT THE FLOOR, MIKE TURNED ROUND SUDDENLY TO SEE A CABIN DOOR OPEN AND THE FAMILIAR FACE OF THE SHIP'S CAPTAIN APPEAR.

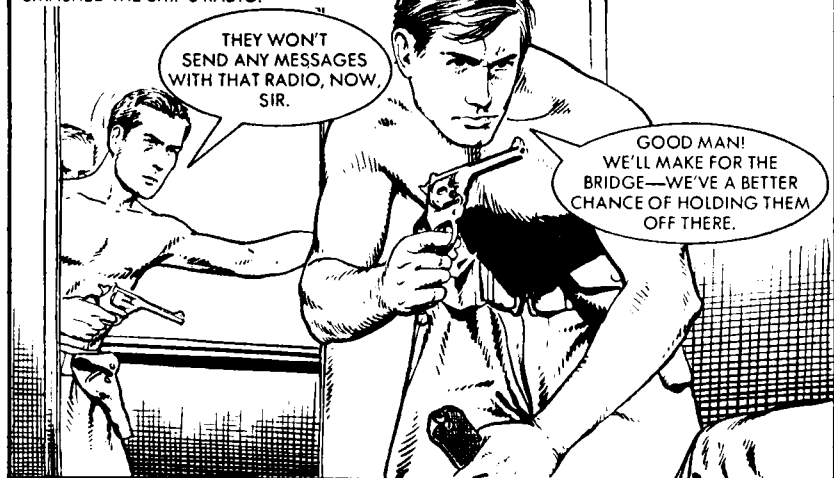


IN AN INSTANT THE GERMAN CAPTAIN DIVED BACK INTO HIS CABIN, SLAMMING THE DOOR IN MIKE'S FACE.

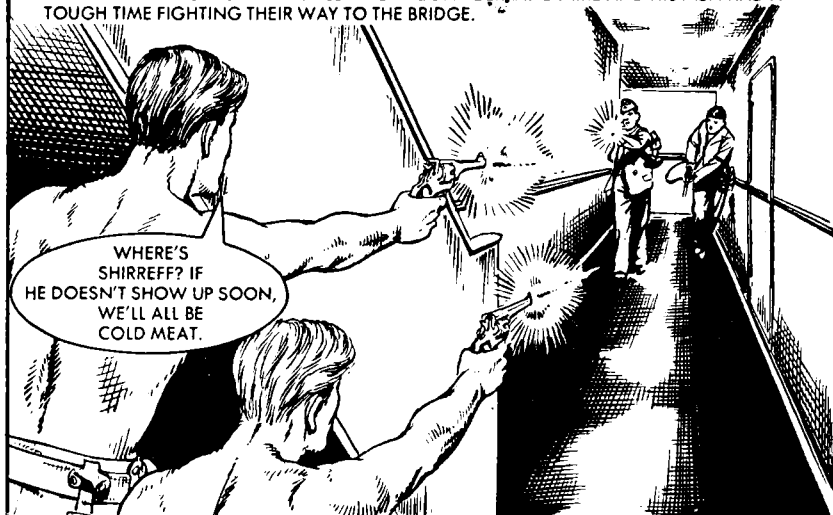
SMASHING OPEN THE DOOR OF THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN, MIKE FOUND HIM PULLING OUT A GUN FROM A DRAWER, AND FIRED JUST IN TIME, WOUNDING HIM IN THE ARM.



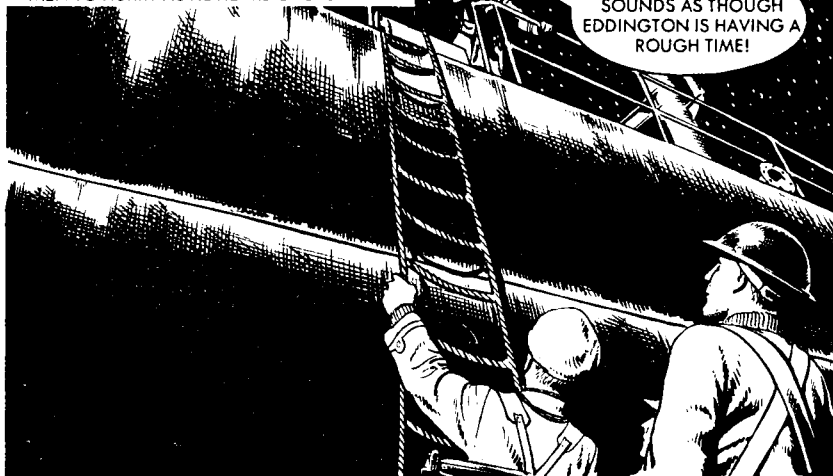
SOON HURST AND DOIG APPEARED ON THE SCENE, HAVING JUST SMASHED THE SHIP'S RADIO.



BY NOW THE WHOLE SHIP WAS ALERT TO THE DANGER, AND MIKE AND HIS MEN HAD A TOUGH TIME FIGHTING THEIR WAY TO THE BRIDGE.



HOWEVER, HELP WAS ALMOST AT HAND — SHIRREFF AND HIS TEAM HAD REACHED THE TANKER, THE OFFICER SHOUTING FOR THE MEN TO HURRY AS HE HEARD SHOTS.



MEANWHILE AS THE THREE WERE RUSHING OUT ONTO THE OPEN BRIDGE, A GERMAN BULLET FOUND DOIG.



HURST REACTED INSTANTLY. HIS PISTOL WAS A SWIFT AVENGER.



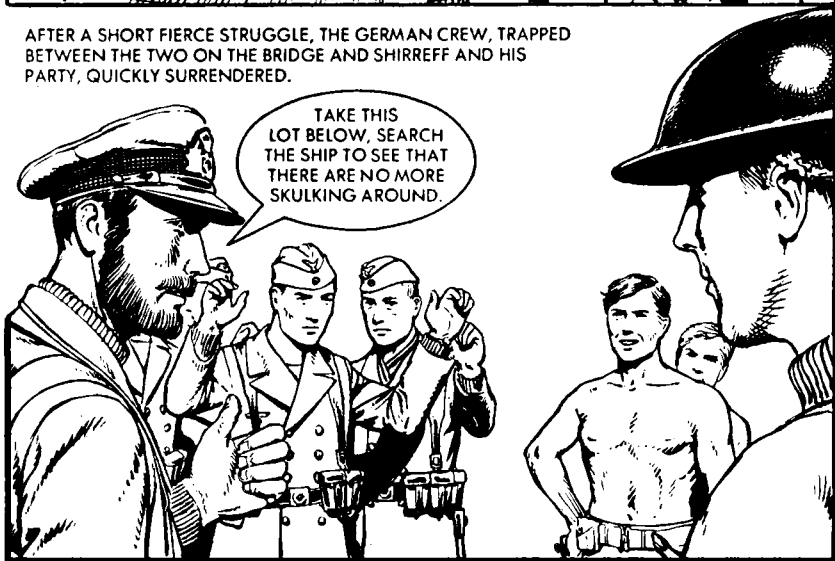
THE POSITION BEGAN TO LOOK DESPERATE, THOUGH, AS GERMAN SEAMEN STORMED UP FROM BOTH SIDES OF THE BRIDGE.



HURST'S FAITH WAS JUSTIFIED, WHEN A MOMENT LATER SHIRREFF AND HIS CREWMEN BURST INTO ACTION.



AFTER A SHORT FIERCE STRUGGLE, THE GERMAN CREW, TRAPPED BETWEEN THE TWO ON THE BRIDGE AND SHIRREFF AND HIS PARTY, QUICKLY SURRENDERED.



NOW MIKE COULD DO SOMETHING HE'D BEEN LOOKING FORWARD TO FOR DAYS . . .
FREEING THE SURVIVING CREW OF THE FAIRFIELD.



THE MEN, RAGGED, UNSHAVEN, BUT GRINNING ALL OVER THEIR FACES, CAME POURING UP INTO THE FRESH AIR, TO BE GREETED WARMLY, ESPECIALLY SUB-LIEUTENANT JIMMY SCOTT WHO WAS ONE OF THE FIRST OUT OF THE HOLD.



THE YOUNG SUB-LIEUTENANT'S FACE CLOUDED OVER FOR A MOMENT, AS HE EXPLAINED THAT ONLY A HANDFUL OF SURVIVORS HAD BEEN RESCUED FROM THE SINKING SHIP.



MEANTIME SHIRREFF, ANXIOUS TO START REFUELLING HIS VESSEL, HAD FOUND AMONG THE PRISONERS A CAPTURED DUTCH CREW. HE SPOKE WITH THEIR OFFICER—



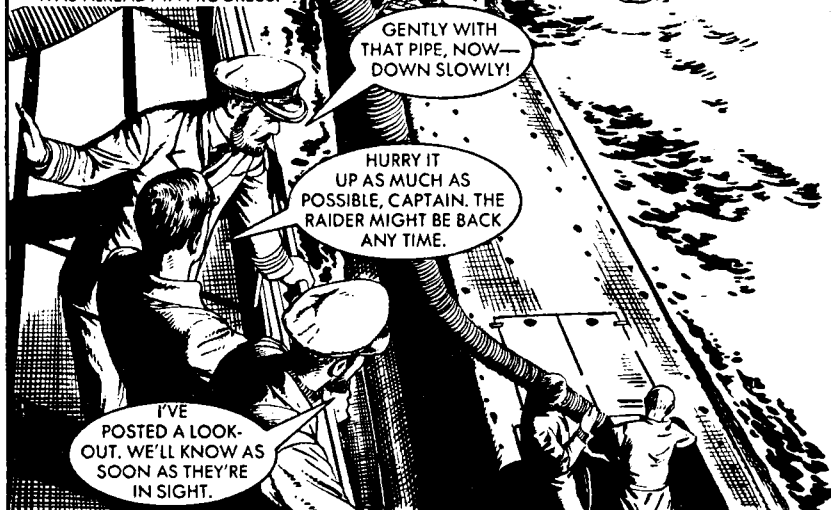
NOW SOME OF THE TANKER'S FUEL SUPPLY, MEANT FOR THE GERMAN POCKET BATTLESHIP, COULD FILL UP THE BRITISH SUB'S TANKS.



PUTTING ON A SHIRT, MIKE WENT TO THE CAPTAIN'S CABIN WHERE HE FOUND THE GERMAN OFFICER, HIS ARM WOUND ALREADY TREATED. HE WOULD DIVULGE NO INFORMATION, HOWEVER, ESPECIALLY THE TIME OF THE KALLHEIM'S ARRIVAL.




LEAVING THE STUBBORN GERMAN SKIPPER, MIKE RETURNED TO THE DECK WHERE REFUELLING WAS ALREADY IN PROGRESS.



WHILE THE SUB'S TANKS WERE BEING FILLED MIKE AND SHIRREFF INSPECTED THE GERMAN VESSEL'S ARMAMENT, WHICH CONSISTED SOLELY OF A LIGHT FLAK GUN MOUNTED ASTERN.




SUDDENLY THEY WERE INTERRUPTED BY AN URGENT SHOUT FROM THE LOOKOUT.



SHIPS
APPROACHING, SIR—
TWO OF THEM. ONE A
BATTLESHIP BY THE
LOOK OF HER.

THE OBSERVANT SEAMAN HAD SPOTTED THE FORBIDDING VAGUE SHAPES OF TWO WARSHIPS ON THE DARK HORIZON, OBVIOUSLY STEAMING TOWARDS THE ISLAND.

SHIRREFF GROANED. THEY WERE RIGHT IN THE MIDDLE OF REFUELLING AND THERE WAS NO TIME TO DISCONNECT THE PIPES AND PREPARE FOR AN ATTACK. BUT MIKE REFUSED TO GIVE IN—



I NEED
TIME TO GET
INTO POSITION FOR A
TORPEDO ATTACK. BUT IT
LOOKS AS IF WE'VE
HAD IT.

NO, WE
HAVEN'T, YOU CAST
OFF NOW—I'LL GIVE YOU
THE TIME YOU
NEED.

MIKE EXPLAINED HIS PLAN AS SHIRREFF LOOKED AT HIM IN AMAZEMENT.



AS THE FUELLING PIPES WERE DISCONNECTED AND SHIRREFF'S CREW QUICKLY RETURNED ABOARD, HE STILL TRIED TO GET MIKE TO CHANGE HIS MIND.



THE SUB'S SKIPPER, REALISING MIKE WAS DETERMINED TO GO AHEAD WITH HIS PLAN, RETURNED TO HIS VESSEL, WHICH QUICKLY GOT UNDER WAY TO LIE IN WAIT FOR THE GERMAN POCKET BATTLESHIP.



WITH THEIR ONE AND ONLY GUN READY, MIKE AND THE DUTCH CAPTAIN WATCHED AS TWO MENACING SHAPES APPROACHED—THOSE OF THE MERCHANT RAIDER AND THE KALLHEIM, WHICH FLASHED A SIGNAL.

CAN YOU
READ THAT SIGNAL,
CAPTAIN VANDER? DO
YOU KNOW GERMAN?

THEY SAY
—" ARE YOU
READY TO COMMENCE
REFUELLING?"

MIKE ASKED ONE OF VANDER'S MEN, WHO COULD ALSO SPEAK GERMAN, TO REPLY TO THE SIGNAL.

THEY'RE
CLOSE ENOUGH NOW.
MAKE " TROUBLE WITH FUELLING-
PIPES. STAND OFF UNTIL REPAIRED."
IF SHE STOPS SHE'S A
SITTING DUCK FOR
SHIRREFF.

GRADUALLY THE SHIPS CAME CLOSER UNTIL THEY SLOWED, THEN THEIR ANCHORS RATTLED DOWN.

WHAT DOES SHE SAY NOW?

SHE SAYS
"AM SENDING PARTY OVER
TO HELP."

THAT WAS THE SIGN FOR MIKE TO ACT.

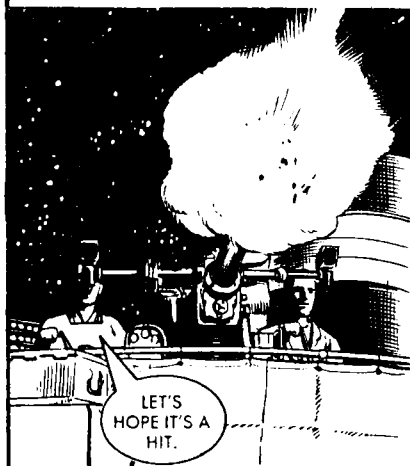
THE ENEMY SHIPS HAD FALLEN FOR THE RUSE. NOW THERE WAS NO NEED TO WAIT ANY LONGER AND MIKE GAVE THE ORDER TO OPEN FIRE ONCE ALL BUT HIS GUN CREW HAD GOT ASHORE.

ON TARGET,
SIR.

FIRE!



THE SOLITARY GUN BELCHED SMOKE AND FLAMES AS THE FIRST SHELL WAS FIRED TOWARDS THE TWO ENEMY SHIPS.



THE FIRST SHOT TOOK THE GERMANS COMPLETELY BY SURPRISE, EXPLODING ON THE RAIDER'S FOREDECK.



THE THRILL OF HAVING STRUCK BACK AT THE DESTROYER OF THEIR SHIP CAUSED MIKE'S CREW TO FORGET THEIR TRAINING FOR A MOMENT AND INDULGE IN A SPATE OF BACK-SLAPPING.



IMMEDIATELY THE GUN CREW GOT BACK TO BUSINESS, PREPARING FOR ANOTHER RAPID SHOT.

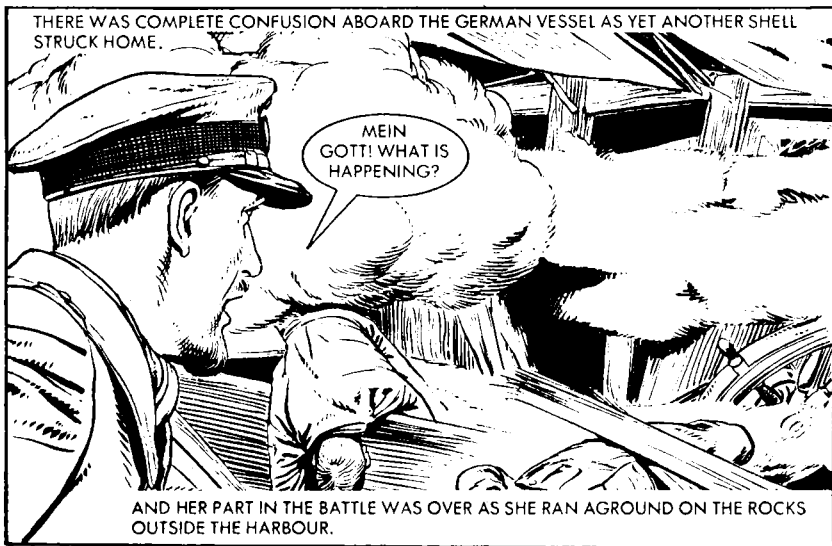
THE SECOND SHOT WENT STRAIGHT THROUGH THE RAIDER'S FUNNEL. CLOUDS OF SMOKE BEGAN TO BILLOW FROM HER.

ZUM
TEUFEL! WE'VE
BEEN HIT!



THERE WAS COMPLETE CONFUSION ABOARD THE GERMAN VESSEL AS YET ANOTHER SHELL STRUCK HOME.

MEIN
GOTT! WHAT IS
HAPPENING?



AND HER PART IN THE BATTLE WAS OVER AS SHE RAN AGROUND ON THE ROCKS OUTSIDE THE HARBOUR.

THE THREE SHELLS THAT HAD STRUCK THE RAIDER HAD BEEN FIRED RAPIDLY BUT THE KALLHEIM'S CREW QUICKLY BEGAN TO WEIGH ANCHOR AND OPENED UP ON THE TANKER. THE FIRST SHOT EXPLODED AT HER STERN.



BLAST!
THEY CERTAINLY
KNOW HOW TO SHOOT.

ONE OF THE GUNCREW DIED INSTANTLY BUT BEFORE THE SMOKE HAD CLEARED, MIKE WAS TAKING THE MAN'S PLACE.



COME ON!
DOUBLE UP THERE!
GET THIS GUN
WORKING.

LUCKILY THE GUN WASN'T BADLY DAMAGED AND HURRIEDLY MIKE LOADED ANOTHER SHELL.

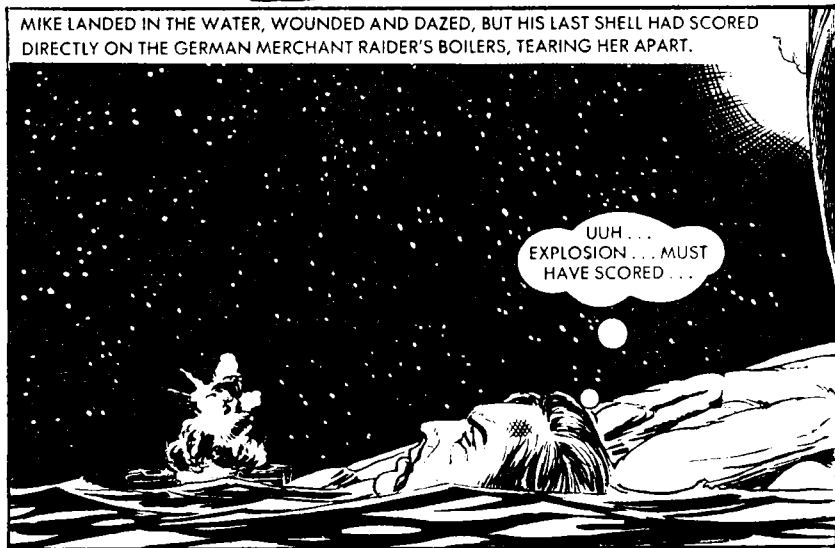


CAN'T SEE
A THING FOR THAT SMOKE,
BUT HERE GOES.

LESS THAN A SECOND AFTER, THE TANKER'S DECKS WERE SWEEPED BY ANOTHER SALVO FROM THE KALLHEIM. MIKE WAS HURLED INTO THE AIR AND OVER THE SIDE LIKE A RAG DOLL BY THE FORCE OF THE BLAST WHICH KILLED THE OTHER TWO.



MIKE LANDED IN THE WATER, WOUNDED AND DAZED, BUT HIS LAST SHELL HAD SCORED DIRECTLY ON THE GERMAN MERCHANT RAIDER'S BOILERS, TEARING HER APART.



BUT AS THE GERMAN TANKER RECEIVED MORE HITS FROM THE KALLHEIM IT SANK SLOWLY, AND THE OIL POURING FROM HER WAS NOW ABLAZE AND SPREADING QUICKLY, PUTTING MIKE IN DANGER.



GOT TO
... GET ASHORE ...
QUICKLY!

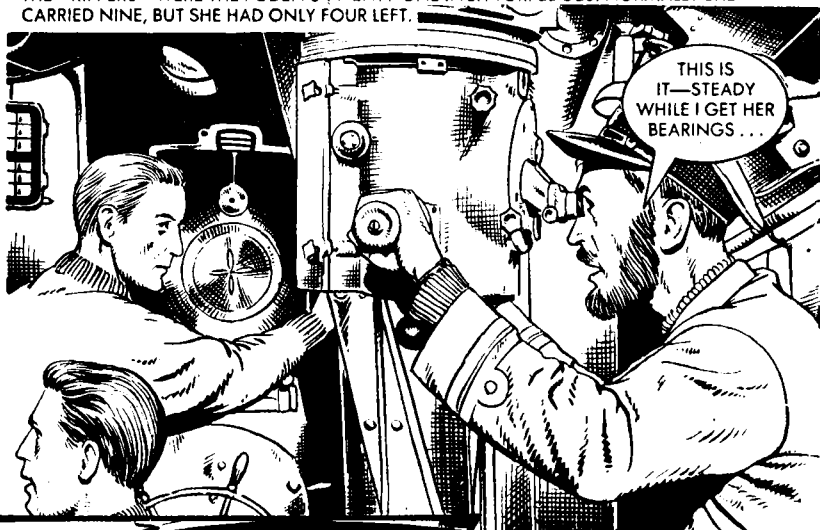
THE YOUNG OFFICER WOULD HAVE TO SWIM AS HE HAD NEVER SWUM BEFORE, IF HE WAS TO ESCAPE THE RAGING FLAMES.

AT THAT MOMENT SHIRREFF HAD STEERED HIS SUB CLOSE TO THE KALLHEIM, IN PREPARATION FOR THEIR VITAL STRIKE



IT'S GOING
TO TAKE ALL THE
KIPPERS WE'VE GOT TO
FINISH OFF THAT
BABY.

THE "KIPPERS" WERE THE PODEN'S TWENTY-ONE INCH TORPEDOES. NORMALLY SHE CARRIED NINE, BUT SHE HAD ONLY FOUR LEFT.



THEN THE THIRD AND FOURTH TORPEDOES SLAMMED INTO HER SIDE, BLOWING GREAT HOLES BELOW HER WATER-LINE FOR THE SEA TO RUSH IN AND DRAG HER DOWN.



BUT IT WAS TOO LATE TO SAVE HER. THE KALLHEIM BURST INTO FLAMES AND, STERN FIRST, SHE STARTED TO SINK.

AS THE PODEN SURFACED TO WITNESS THE AWESOME SIGHT, SHIRREFF DID NOT FORGET MIKE AND THE OTHERS WHO HAD BRAVELY STAYED ON THE DOOMED TANKER.




THE SUB'S LANDING PARTY BEACHED TO FIND THE DUTCH CAPTAIN ATTENDING TO THE BADLY-WOUNDED MIKE WHO HAD MIRACULOUSLY MADE IT TO SHORE.



GATHERING TOGETHER THE REST OF THE SURVIVORS OF MIKE'S CREW, THE SUBMARINE FINALLY HEADED FOR HOME. THEY HAD NO ROOM FOR ANY GERMAN SURVIVORS, BUT A BRITISH SHIP WOULD BE DIVERTED LATER TO PICK UP ANY WHO'D MADE IT ASHORE TO THE ISLAND.



MOMENTS LATER ALL TRACES OF THE GERMAN POCKET BATTLESHIP WERE LOST AS HER BOWS SANK GRACEFULLY BENEATH THE WAVES.



LYING SWATHED IN BANDAGES IN THE CROWDED SUBMARINE, MIKE REMEMBERED THE TIME NOT SO VERY LONG AGO WHEN HE HAD BEEN STANDING ON THE FAIRFIELD'S BRIDGE, LONGING FOR SOME REAL ACTION.

WELL, MIKE,
WHAT ARE YOU GOING
TO DO WHEN YOU'RE PATCHED
UP AGAIN?

I DON'T
KNOW. PROBABLY TRY
FOR A CUSHY LIFE ON ANOTHER
MERCHANT CRUISER. NOTHING EVER
HAPPENS ON THOSE OLD
TUBS, YOU KNOW!

THEY BOTH LAUGHED. IN THE PAST FEW DAYS MIKE HAD SEEN HIS OWN SHIP SUNK, HAD PLAYED A BIG PART IN THE SINKING OF THREE GERMAN SHIPS AND MORE THAN ONCE ESCAPED BY A MERE WHISKER. THAT WAS MORE THAN ENOUGH ACTION FOR ANY MAN... EVEN MIKE EDDINGTON!

Commando
THE END

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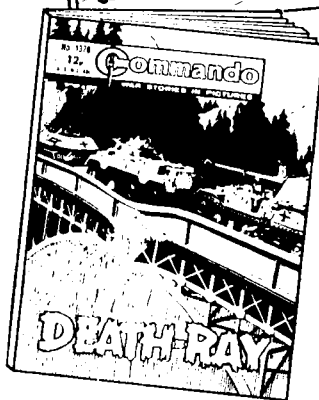
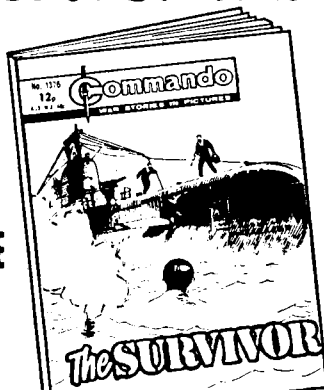
"SIX OF THE BEST"
"THE MARAUDERS"

"TAKE THIS KNIFE..."
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POWER-
PACKED
BOOKS ARE
IN YOUR
SHOPS
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Stars of Soccer—Kazimierz Deyna

The **SURVIVOR**

THE merchant-cruiser H.M.S. Fairfield had just been sunk and her crew taken prisoner. Only one man had escaped — the skipper, Lieutenant Mike Eddington.

Now as he waited to be picked up by a British submarine, Mike had only one thought on his mind, the rescue of his crew. It seemed an impossible task, and Mike knew it. But he just wasn't the type to give up without a very fierce fight!

